



FOR PRESIDENT:
WOODROW WILSON of New Jersey.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
THOMAS R. MARSHALL of Indiana.

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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

A CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD. THERE are certain blunt facts which every decent Democrat knows. These facts deal with MURPHY and Tammany Hall. ROOSEVELT claims that neither of the old parties is worthy of the people's trust; that both of them are boss-ridden. The way in which the Democratic Party in New York State can most effectively prove ROOSEVELT to be wrong, in so far as the local Democracy is concerned, will be for it to turn MURPHY down hard at the Syracuse Convention next week. Failure to do so will but strengthen ROOSEVELT's position, and permit him to say "I told you so," without fear of contradiction. If the Democrats of New York do not turn MURPHY down at Syracuse it will be because they are boss-ridden and cannot help themselves.

POLITICS makes strange bedfellows, but the strangest sort of bedfellows are made by Bull Moose politics. Dr. ABBOTT is in the Bull Moose bed, and so is BOSS FLINN. GIFFORD PINCHOT is there, and so is JOHN LAWRENCE SULLIVAN, the latter having just climbed in. The Hon. JOHN L. may by this time be stumping Massachusetts for "the man who dares," but at all events he is, by his own declaration, an ardent Progressive. JOHN is a great acquisition. We never comprehended just why it was that THEODORE so persisted in using the expressions "stripped to the buff" and "knock 'em through the ropes," but now it is clear. He was angling for the SULLIVAN support. SULLIVAN was a Bull Moose in action and demeanor before THEODORE ROOSEVELT ever thought of being one. He was a Progressive, too, or was until he met one JAMES J. CORBETT at New Orleans in the momentous autumn of 1892. After that he became somewhat of a Reactionary. If the Colonel would show his appreciation of SULLIVAN's avowal of loyalty, he will conclude all his speeches on the stump by saying, in a deep-bass growl, "Yours truly, THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

SUPPOSE that any State in the Union might protect its industries from those of any other State by means of a tariff wall. There are a few significant words in the Constitution which prevent any State from doing so, but let us suppose. And

further supposing that the State industries so protected found that they had the home or State market all for themselves, without competition, how long do you presume it would be before they made up their minds to combine, each in its own line of business? Not very long, would it? In fact, with a tariff wall shutting out the competition of other States, the industries thus protected would be controlled by self-confessed dolts if they did not combine. Competition is foolish when a high tariff prepares the way plainly for the formation of monopoly, and what kind of business men would they be who did not take advantage of their obvious opportunities? What cannot happen between States has happened with a vengeance between the United States and other nations. Apply the imaginary situation of a tariff-protected State, and you have the actual situation in a tariff-protected country. There may



PROGRESS.

UNCLE SAM.—Where are you going, my pretty maid?
HIS PRETTY MAID.—I don't know where I'm going, sir, but I'm on my way!

be other causes than the tariff for the formation of giant monopolies, but the tariff is the basic cause because it provided the opportunity, the incentive. No tariff reformer blames the industries for combining when such a plain invitation was handed out to them. It would have been a sign that fools or angels dominated them if they had not. Imagine the head of a big industry saying to himself or to his business associates: "The tariff has shut out foreign competition, and if we all combine under one head we shall have the consumer where we want him. That, however, would be unfair to the consumer, who might have to pay more than he should for our product." You can imagine the head of a big industry saying just that, can't you? We love to boast of the keenness, the sagacity, of the big American business man. What would we think of his keenness and his sagacity if, given an opportunity like that, he neglected to take it? The question for voters to answer this year is: Did the Government make a mistake? Monopolists themselves cannot be attacked or blamed.



A TOUGH MORSEL.

THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY.—If I swallow that I'm a jackass!



IT'S UP TO YOU.

"IT'S up to you, dear girl," the lover said,
 "To say if we shall ever, ever wed.
 I've loved you ever since—(but then, you knew)—
 Since first I saw those eyes of heavenly blue,
 Those laughing, wine-red lips, those cheeks divine.
 Oh, answer now, if only with some sign,—
 It's up to you, sweetheart, it's up to you!"

And giving forth a short, impulsive sigh,
 The pretty maiden made him this reply:
 "I've loved you long and anxiously, dear knows,—
 I thought you never, *never* would propose!"
 Then, turning up her roguish little head,
 She raised her rose-bud mouth and, blushing, said:
 "It's up to you, dear boy—it's up to you!"

James Courtney Challis.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING EXPLAINED.

PROF. GLUMEY, a noted expert, addressed a meeting of metallurgical engineers in Pittsburgh yesterday, and made the astounding statement that the deposits of iron ore in this country will last barely 400,000 years more. In direct response to this pessimistic prediction from high authority, steel rails jumped one dollar a ton.

Seven cows belonging to John Jenks, of Ottumwa, Iowa, while lying under a tree during a thunder-storm yesterday, were struck by lightning and killed. The unusual risk attending the production of cattle became at once so obvious that beef went to \$10.65 at the Chicago yards.

It has just been discovered that the great wheat elevators at Buffalo,

N. Y., are infested with rats. So severe are the depredations committed by the rodents that two-dollar wheat is expected in the near future.

Four years of patient effort have satisfied the British Government that cotton cannot be profitably raised on the island of St. Helena. This intelligence, coming at a time when it seems doubtful whether the world's supply of cotton will be sufficient to go around, has raised the price of regular 5-cent all-linen handkerchiefs to ten cents.

The damp weather of recent weeks has had the peculiar effect of taking the curl out of the tails of hogs throughout the Middle West. This, in turn, has worried the animals to the extent of making them lose from twenty to twenty-five pounds each in weight. A further rise in the price of pork is inevitable.

Freeman Tilden.

An Optimist is the fellow who, when he breaks his leg, is glad it was not his neck.

PUCK

THE PASSING FAD.

NOW came the time when luncheons for Blue Ribbon Poodles had begun to pall, and Society looked about for another engrossing fad.

"Give us something new!" cried those who follow its dictates blindly. "Something untried and unique—something to make the Commoner gasp!" For dearly the Little Leash Holders loved to have their pet vices discussed and wondered at by the Vulgar.

"Hearken to me!" said one fair Daughter of Leisure. "Let us choose a fad artistic, for Art grows more fashionable each season."

"We would find nothing new there," replied another. "Have we not had our portraits painted in oil to display our precious jewels, furs, and fair raiment? Have we not had our heads and shoulders, aye, and even our hands, chiseled in marble, and what remains?"

"The Foot!" cried a third. "The naked foot—sunk into oblivion since the time of Trilby! Let us have our feet, our feet alone, made immortal in Plaster!"

"Splendid!" said another. "And from this will spring the fad of wearing sandals to insure the Perfect Foot!"

"It has its possibilities!" assented a hardened old leader of the Social Stampede.

So they straightway sought out an obscure

young sculptor, one who worked for Art Alone in an abandoned old stable, and who lived entirely on Buttermilk, for the True Artist cannot eat and be true to Tradition.

And so it came to pass that every day from misty morn till murky eve fair patrons sought the unique Art Factory, and vied with each other for the Possession of the Perfect Foot.

"Tell us!" they cried. "Tell us why you live on Buttermilk!"

"It is so white," he murmured. "White as the marble, the marble that I love."

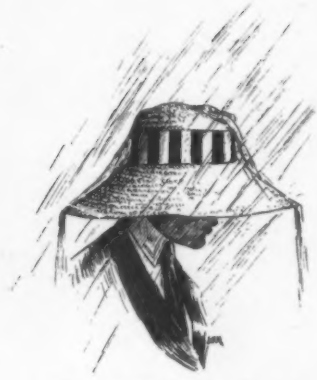
And so he labored mightily, and soon the dusty walls were hung with beautiful feet and plaster casts waiting to be changed into a less destructible form.

"We will call for them anon!" said the Fair and Fickle ones.

But the time came—ah! too soon—when they came no more, and in the gathering gloom of evening a tired and cynical sculptor sat alone amid his unpaid work, his glass of Buttermilk untouched by his side. Slowly his own feet turned to marble, and in a despairing voice he cried aloud to his Muse: "Bid them come and take their feet off my hands!"

Out of the darkness the voice of the Spirit of Beauty, she who cheers the lonely way of the True Artist, answered:

"You would have taken Gold for a Passing Fad," it said, "but you have been saved through the Fickleness of Woman. And now,



THE PANAMA CANAL.

for your worship of False Gods, shall all things you love for a time be denied you—yea! even your appetite for Buttermilk shall be taken from you!"

Meekly the Sculptor bowed his head and indulged in the Luxury of Tears.

The moral is that Art is Long—but Fads are Fleeting.

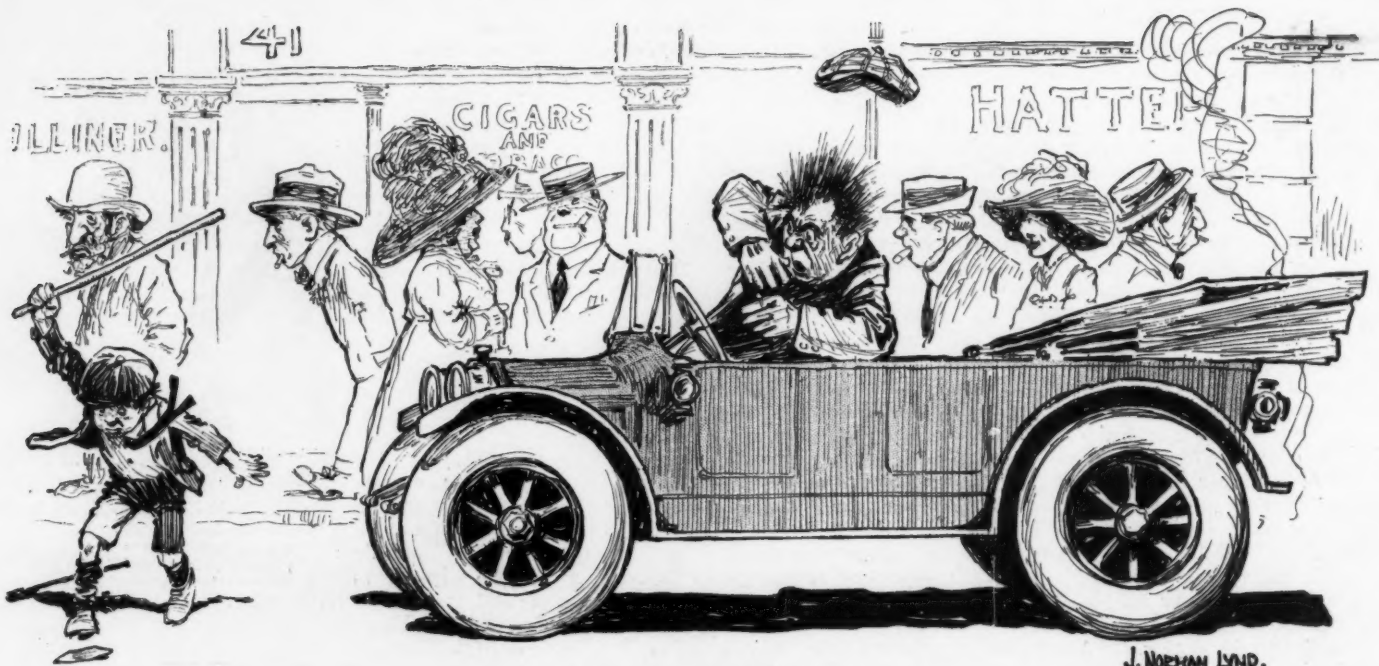
M. Boyd Kennedy.

FAITH may be able to move mountains, but if it would only move a hod of coal, a lawn-mower, or a hard-hearted landlord, most men would acquire more of it.



A BEAR RAID.

BUT A LONG WAY FROM "THE STREET."



DAVID AND GOLIATH.

'THE WOODEN "CAT" HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE SLING-SHOT.



"So 'this is the day of the publicity-man,' is it?"—grimly remarked a well-known member of that fraternity the other day. "Just glance at that"—handing out a clipping.

"The outlook for railway earnings," it read, "is exceedingly bright. On account of the big crops, many roads will earn more money this fall than ever before in their history."

"That's the kind of material I've got to work with to show the public that the railroads ought to be allowed to charge more for carrying freight," the publicity-man went on. "A year ago when I took the job they were hardly able to earn fixed charges. Now look at 'em—they're going to earn 'more money this fall than ever before in their history.' For a while; and just when we need to show the opposite."

"Couple of years ago I took up this currency-reform proposition. Main thing was to show the 'danger of recurring disturbances' as long as the system remained as it was. Did we get a good, healthy 'recurring disturbance' to help us along? Not one! We'd had no end of them before; we're on the verge of one now. But during the time we were really trying to get something done in Congress? Nix. Not a ripple. Nothing but the easiest kind of a money-market."

"Oh, yes. This business is all right—except when you get handed the double-cross."

ONCE upon a time there were three men who did n't have much money.

The first man owned a lot of copper stocks—on margin.

The second man owned a big touring-car and a limousine—also on margin.

The third man owned both an automobile and a lot of copper stocks, all on margin.

Numbers One and Two went broke and Number Three was eventually scattered all over the place?

Take another guess. Number Three's copper stocks went up so fast and so far that pretty soon he not only paid for his car, but sold his stocks and had enough left over for a trip to Europe.

"DID you know Jinks was dead? He died last night of brain-fever."

"Brain-fever? Why, I never knew a man with such a mind. He could carry a string of figures a mile long in his head and never know the difference. What in the world happened?"

"Oh, he tried to figure out what John D. Rockefeller had made as a result of the 'dissolution' of the Standard Oil Co."

As is well-known, the number of stuffed moose-heads mounted in the customers' rooms of Wall Street commission houses is very large. A moose-head, like a tarpon, has something luxurious about it—something suggestive of being able to take long trips and spend lots of money—and so is much affected by many of those firms whose sole and philanthropic purpose it is to make money for their customers.

A London banker, with a reputation for being able to keep his mouth closed and his eyes open, recently came over here to spend a few weeks looking into a certain industrial proposition in which his firm was interested. In the first office into which his letters of introduction carried him he noticed with interest a magnificent specimen of a moose-head mounted to show off to the best possible advantage its twenty-four-pronged antlers. In two other offices that morning the Londoner saw the same thing. And toward noon, as he entered one of the big national banks to keep a luncheon engagement with its president, he caught through the half-open door of the directors' room a glimpse of more antlers high up on the wall.

The Englishman said nothing, but he thought a good deal. "There is no mistaking the fact," he cabled that night, "that Wall Street is strongly in favor of the re-election of Theodore Roosevelt."

And that is the origin of a London rumor of Wall Street support for Roosevelt, the persistence of which has aroused no small degree of interest.

Franklin.

?

THE MAN QUESTION.—What was done and who did it?

THE WOMAN QUESTION.—Who were there and what did they have on?

IN NEW YORK.

FIRST PRISON OFFICIAL.—We'll have to stop giving permits to people to go in and see the prisoners.

SECOND PRISON OFFICIAL.—Why so?

FIRST PRISON OFFICIAL.—Too much confusion. They keep getting in the way of the fellows who are escaping.

FROM EXPERIENCE.

CHOLLY.—They say her father was a great football player, a star at blocking kicks.

REGGIE.—I don't know about blocking kicks, but I know he can kick a block!



UP TO DATE.

FEUDIST.—Yep! I reckon I got old man Peevey this morning for fair.
HIS SON.—Did ye shoot him, Pop?
FEUDIST.—Course not. Better 'n that. I got him on my note!

If an epigram had to be true there would be no particular advantage in its being an epigram.

MEDITATIONS OF AN HEIR.

THERE is the morning's mail so full of good offers that I hardly know which to invest in:

My right hand holds a proposition from the Sure Thing Company, a reliable corporation (or so it says) which, owing to men "inside," can give me one sure bet a day on the races in Canada.

Yet why should I spend any money that way when in my left hand

I find a chance to buy at five cents a share the stock of an excellent gold mine which will pay heavily as soon as a little more machinery is erected on the claim. It looks good, but then—

Wherefor take a chance on Alaska stuff when (as that third letter on the table explains) I can make coin much more surely and nearer at home through a fake foot-race to be pulled off next Saturday.

Yet is there any reason for tempting the fickle goddess of luck when a trifling expenditure will secure for me a diploma from the New Age Medical College, giving me the college's permission to practice medicine in any part of the civilized world?

Certainly not, though a definite profession is quite unnecessary since, for a very moderate price, a gentleman in Oklahoma will instruct me in those principles of Success which enable

even the half-wit to put it over the completely uninitiated.

Frankly, this last proposal would fascinate me were it not for the fact that (according to yonder long grayish envelope) I am one of the heirs to a tremendous estate in the Bank of England, and a small payment to a lawyer will enable me to share the prospective melon—um-yum!

Not of course that any of these splendid prospects are fakes—no,—but I think it will indeed pay me better and save time and worry if I take father's farm, which is only a half-hour from New York (by aeroplane) and cut it up into lots, and then, having purchased a list of names and addresses from a company specializing in boobs, sell these plots to anybody in the sage-brush belt who desires to plunge in metropolitan real-estate.

Horatio Winslow.

SPEAKING OF THE CANAL AND OUR MERCHANT MARINE:



A SELF-EVIDENT FACT.

UNCLE SAM (to the other Powers).—Say, I want you fellows to distinctly understand that I am not racing with you!—PUCK, Sept. 15, 1897.

ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

FIRST the corporation lawyer
Charged the suit was most unfair,
And the judge then charged the jury
That they ought to thus declare.

Then he charged the corporation
Some five thousand, so they say;
And the total of these charges
The poor public had to pay!

Walter G. Doty.

THE YOUNG LAWYER.

THIS, children, is the young lawyer. He is chiefly distinguished for the awful solemnity of his walk, a thin, brittle-looking neck, and a stack of hair raked frenziedly upward and back from his overhanging brow in the fashion to which the late John C. Calhoun was so passion-



"YOU LIE! I DIDN'T EAT NO MELONS!"

ately attached. He is as ponderous as a behemoth and as ominous as an approaching typhoon. He is the center of a gravity that radiates in all directions like those crooked needles of electricity that we used to see darting out of electric belts in the pictures of long, long ago. He regards levity as a disease and the recall of judges as worse than piracy on the high seas. He is given to long waits after being asked the most unimportant questions, and delivers his opinion that it has the appearance of rain as if it were a hunk out of the middle of the Constitution.

By-and-by the young lawyer will discover, to his chagrin, that ponderosity is not a marketable commodity, and finds himself at the forkings of the road; and, we hope, give earnest heed to which fork he will traverse. If he looks about at his fellow men he will see who are the really successful ones. He will speedily learn that petty trickery does not pay; that every small bit of chicanery a man does detracts from his future prestige; and that each time he sells himself for a few paltry dollars he puts a rotten stone in the foundation of his future.

He will see, if he is as wise as we would wish Our Hero to be, that there is neither wealth nor fame in going to the legislature, State or national.

Therefore, we opine, he will do nothing small nor petty, but will become a corporation counsel, achieve wealth and eminence, and eventually be appointed Secretary of Something-or-Other by the President. Children, there is nothing in being a cheap crook!

Tom P. Morgan.





THE PUCK PRESS

OR BUST.
THE FROG WHO WANTED TO BE



OR BUST.
TED TO BE AS BIG AS THE BULL.

A USE FOR COUNTS.

IF ALL Counts were like Von Neindorff, we should n't be complaining about them all the time. Von Neindorff married an American girl. Perhaps he supposed her to be wealthy, or perhaps she just had a wealth of beauty, which commodity, though a fine thing, will not in itself maintain a title. Anyway, the Von person came to America, and with the Countess set up housekeeping in Los Angeles, California.

They quarreled, and the other day they were in the divorce court. And thus was revealed the fact that Von Neindorff is no usual Count. For he testified, and it was not denied, that he had many a time since his marriage swallowed his pride and got down on his knees to scrub the floor, and had polished the piano, and swept the rooms, and made the beds, and washed the dishes, and altogether had conducted himself like a good servant. He had got breakfast many's the occasion, and carried tit-bits to his lady as she lay abed. What in the name of domesticity the Countess means by trying to divorce a Count like that is more than we can fathom; but she does, and many a household will want to know Von Neindorff's address in case he loses his present position. Hundreds of families where the servant problem is acute will take him gladly with or without a character.

It is possible that in Germany, where Counts have been manufactured for many years, the idea of vocational education has been tried out upon this class. If Von Neindorff is a fair sample, the plan is a success. It is true he does not claim to be able to do plain sewing. On the other hand, it does not appear that he demanded any afternoons or evenings out. A good Count of this kind ought to be worth \$30 a month—and found to any American family, and the contract-labor law should be so amended as to permit the importation of enough of them to go around.



JUST A REMINDER.

THE KID.—Here's the cat you advertised for the return of, lady.
THE WOMAN.—What! Is he dead?
THE KID.—Your ad. said no questions asked, lady!

THE MODERN LITANY.

I am a fan!
Shamelessly I admit
I am a fan.
I am a broker in the
Street;
I am a husband also on
occasions;
I am a father, too, I am
old;
But this I know—
I am a fan.
I am a dabbler in stocks;
I am a club-man;
I am somewhat important in
my city;
But—I am a fan.
I am a church-goer,
In fact, a pew-renter;
I am interested in politics; but—
I am a fan.



I am a philanthropist;
I am a reader of good books;
I am something of a student;
But I am a fan.
I am a ruling spirit in the community, I believe;
I am a man,
But I am a boy, too.
Perhaps that is why I am so much of a man.
Perhaps, too, that is why I'm a fan.
Yes, a fan!
Charles Hanson Towne.

WRONG PLACE.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT.—You can't get into our college. You aren't qualified in the entrance requirements in Sanskrit, Greek, or Calculus.

PROSPECTIVE STUDENT.—No, but I am very well grounded in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT.—Great Scott, man, you don't need a college education! Why don't you go into business?



TRACING THE LOOT.

DETECTIVE.—What did you say was in the pocket-book, mum?

AGITATED VICTIM.—A transfer.

DETECTIVE.—Ah! That was the work of Abie the Rat. He's been playin' in rotten luck for a year!

That man who foolishly commits suicide for love perpetrates a monstrous slander on every woman in the world save one!

THE QUEST.



AY, shall I ne'er behold thee more?
There seems some mystic charm about thee,
And though elusive, as of yore,
I never can get on without thee!

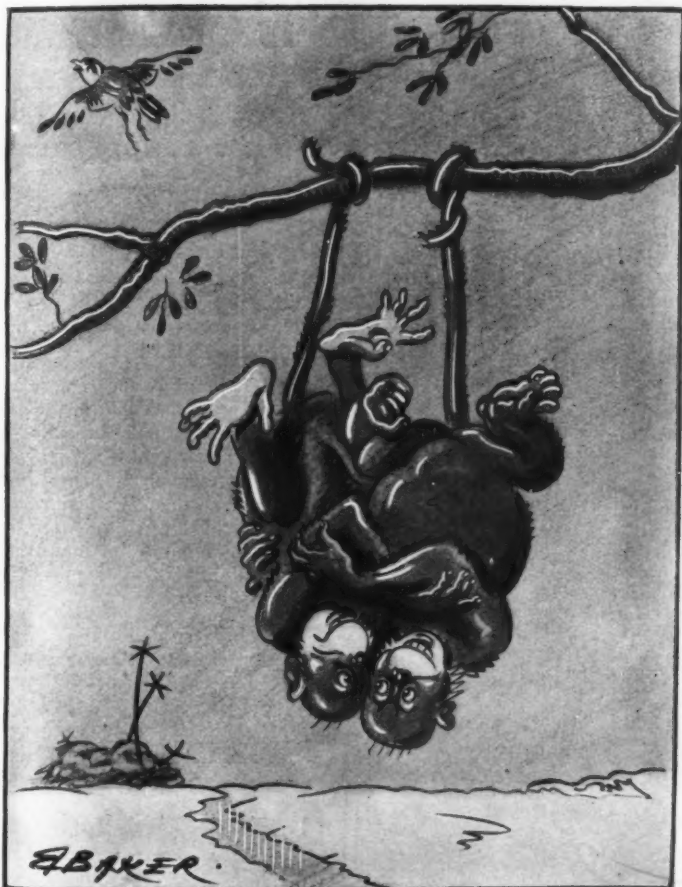
I seek thee high, I seek thee low,
In likely and unlikely places—
That thou art not far off I know—
Yet quite in vain my ardent chase is!

Oh! Why conceal thyself from me,
To seek seclusion in this fashion?
I cannot guess, unless it be
On purpose to inflame my passion.

Perchance my grasp was all too rough,
And painful recollection lingers—
I deemed I held you safe enough—
Yet somehow you slipped through my fingers!

I'll have you yet! I'm out for blood!
Though ebon shades of night surround you!
You pesky little collar stud—
Ah! there you are at last—confound you!

Geo. B. Morewood.



HEELS OVER HEAD IN LOVE.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS.



JAMES BLUFFINGTON-CUFFINGTON, the eminent financier, is going to give Eight Million Dollars to the University of Golconda. It is so much more than he can afford that, although the tenderest-hearted man on earth, he will be forced—yes, actually forced—to squeeze the sum out of a convenient and temporarily-embarrassed Trust.

The Trust, quite unable to charge this item to the account of Messrs. Profit and Loss, will shriek madly and raise the price to the Wholesaler;

The Wholesaler, being of a stauncher breed, will damn the Trust in an anonymous but vitriolic letter to the press, and thus relieved will chisel some 5% more from the Retailer;

Who will orate spectacularly against the Money Power and gouge an extra from the Consumer;

Who will hint darkly at tumbrils and guillotines and stop it from his wife's dress allowance;

Who will weep bitter insurgent tears and work off the blow on the Children;

Who will slam the door hard and try to take it out on the Pet Donkey;

Who will NOT flash at the eye and turn fiercely on the Family Cat, but who will stop dead in his tracks and kick the cart to pieces.

And the Moral will be that even a Pet Donkey is a low creature because he is little better than a coarse, rebellious brute.

Horatio Winslow.



Assuan Dam, part of the Nile system, one of the greatest engineering projects of its kind.

The Nile System—The Bell System

For thousands of years Egypt wrestled with the problem of making the Nile a dependable source of material prosperity.

But only in the last decade was the Nile's flood stored up and a reservoir established from which all the people of the Nile region may draw the life-giving water all the time.

Primitive makeshifts have been superseded by intelligent engineering methods. Success has been the result of a comprehensive plan and a definite policy, dealing with the problem as a whole and adapting the Nile to the needs of all the people.

To provide efficient telephone service in this country, the same fundamental principle has to be recognized. The entire country must be considered within the scope of one system, intelligently guided by one policy.

It is the aim of the Bell System to afford universal service in the interest of all the people and amply sufficient for their business and social needs.

Because they are connected and working together, each of the 7,000,000 telephones in the Bell System is an integral part of the service which provides the most efficient means of instantaneous communication.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since. We have now issued

“WALK,
— YOU,
WALK!”

as a Booklet, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

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AIMLESSLY.

Joseph H. Choate, at the Three Arts Club benefit at the Republic Theatre, in New York, told this after his witty speech:

"Two young girls were drinking tea when a young man passed. As he passed the first girl blushed, displayed a beautiful ring on her white hand, and murmured: 'Well, Jack and I are to be married Easter week.'

"But," said the other girl, 'I thought you had thrown Jack over!'

"Oh, so I did," the first replied; 'but—but you know how a girl throws.'"
—*Washington Star*.

A CENTURY and a half ago people used to depend upon the weather prognostications in Partridge's Almanac. One day Partridge himself put up at a country inn for dinner. The hostler advised him to stay the night, as it would certainly rain. "Nonsense!" said Partridge, who proceeded on his way. Soon a heavy shower fell, which so impressed the traveler that he instantly rode back to the inn and offered the hostler half-a-crown if he would tell him how he knew the rain was imminent.

"Well, replied the man with a grin, pocketing the coin, "the truth is, we have Partridge's Almanac here; and he's such a liar that whenever he promises a fine day we know it will be foul. To-day is set down as fine."

The weather prophet, like many other weather prophets before and since, passed on discomfited.—*Strand Magazine*.

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PEDESTRIANISM.



"How is this? Twenty cents for cheese? But it walked by itself!"

"Exactly, madam; we figure in the cost of training it!"—*Le Sourire*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

For High Balls
take

Apollinaris
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

It blends perfectly
with all Whiskies
It makes them more wholesome

THE CRUELTY OF REALISM.

John G. Johnson, the lawyer and art expert, was talking at a dinner in Philadelphia about some of Sargent's cruelly realistic portraits.

"Sargent once painted a Philadelphia woman," Johnson said, "and when the work was finished the woman's coachman called for it.

"As the coachman was studying the portrait, Sargent said to him:

"How do you like it?"

"The man answered thoughtfully:

"Well, sir, ye might have made it a little better lookin' mebbe; but if ye had ye'd have spoiled it."—*Globe-Democrat*.

"How long did your honeymoon last?"

"Till the first day I asked George for money, I think."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Bar-Keepers Friend
Metal Polish



Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she said, "last night I had such a delightful dream! I positively dreamt that you and I—only you and I, mind you—were traveling on our honeymoon. Do you ever have dreams like that, Mr. Smith?"

"I am afraid I used to, Miss Antique," he answered, "but now I am more careful about my suppers."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ALL MOTOR CARS



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Little dabs of powder,
Little specks of paint
Make my lady's freckles
Look as if they ain't.
—Lippincott's.

TOO MUCH FOR POP.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"They scuttle a house at the top, don't they?"
"Yes, my boy."
"And they scuttle a boat at the bottom, don't they?"
"Why—yes."
"Well, where would they start to scuttle a houseboat, pop?" — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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Dealers or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

PERSISTENCY.



"Is the people of the 'ouse in?"
"Ave you got yer dog license yet?"
"Well, I've come to look at the telephone." — *The Tatler*.

"No; they're all out."
"We ain't got no dog."

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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"Yes," Canfield replied. "It seems to be a sort of an *ex-officio* title. I suppose, Doctor Eliot, they have often called you a liar?"

"Worse than that," chuckled Doctor Eliot, "far worse than that. They have proved it!" — *Saturday Evening Post*.

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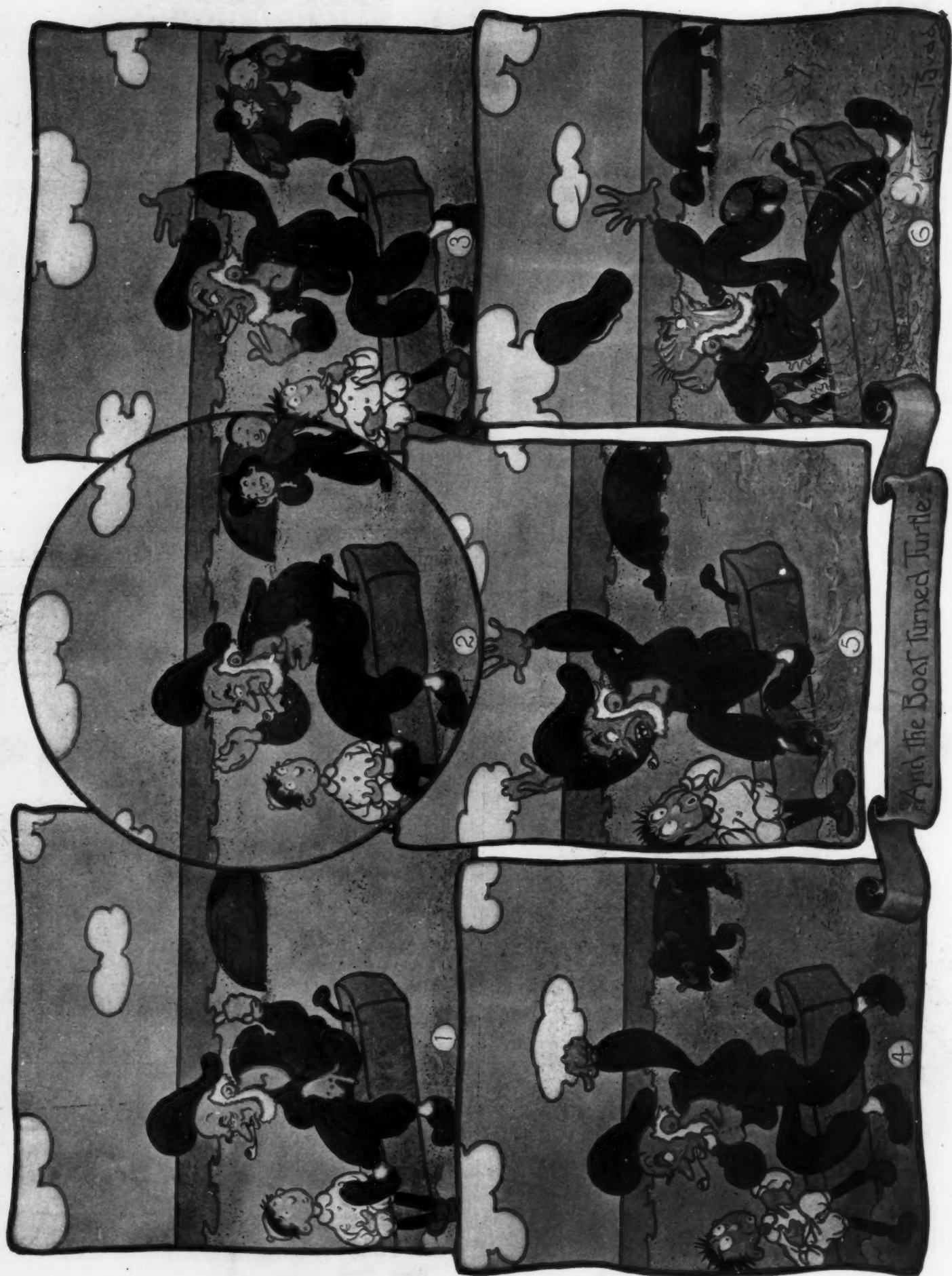
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"WHAT are they rehearsing for, papa?"

"For some pantomimes, my dear."

"Is mamma to be in 'm?"

"No, my dear, no one does any talking in pantomimes." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"DOES N'T your choir sing at the prison any more?"

"No, several of the prisoners objected on the ground that it was n't included in their sentences." — *Exchange*.

"A CHILD CAN RUN IT."

They said that a child could run it,
And—I was a little child!
It looked like a Simple Fraction,
So meekly and maidenly mild!
I bought it with good, gold dollars,
I named it the "Honey Bee,"
And I wish that I had the gay, young
lad
That sold that boat to me.

The motor was perfectly simple—
You toyed with a jigger here!
And twisted a simple thingumabob,
And tickled its left hind ear;
You told it a funny story,
You gave it the Mystic Sign,
And off it would go with a Yo-
heave-ho!

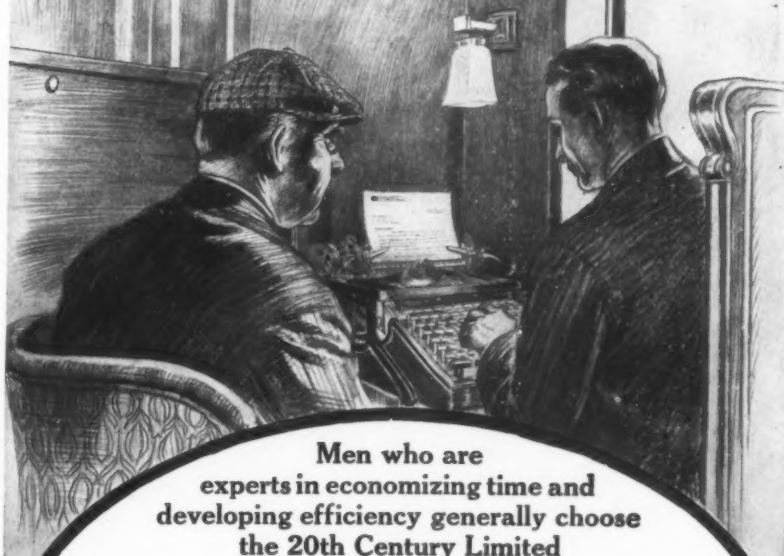
Said the fellow who sold me mine
It ran, oh, yes, when he ran it—
And that was in early May,
And I was a care-free butterfly,
But now I am old and gray!
They said that a child could run it—
Oh, ultimate cosmic smart!
They knew I would look like Me-
thusalem's spook
Ere I ever get it to start.
F. D. B. in the *Evening Sun*.

"WHAT made Mr. Chuggins buy an automobile?"

"His wife persuaded him by calling his attention to the economy of having gasoline on hand to clean her gloves." — *Washington Star*.

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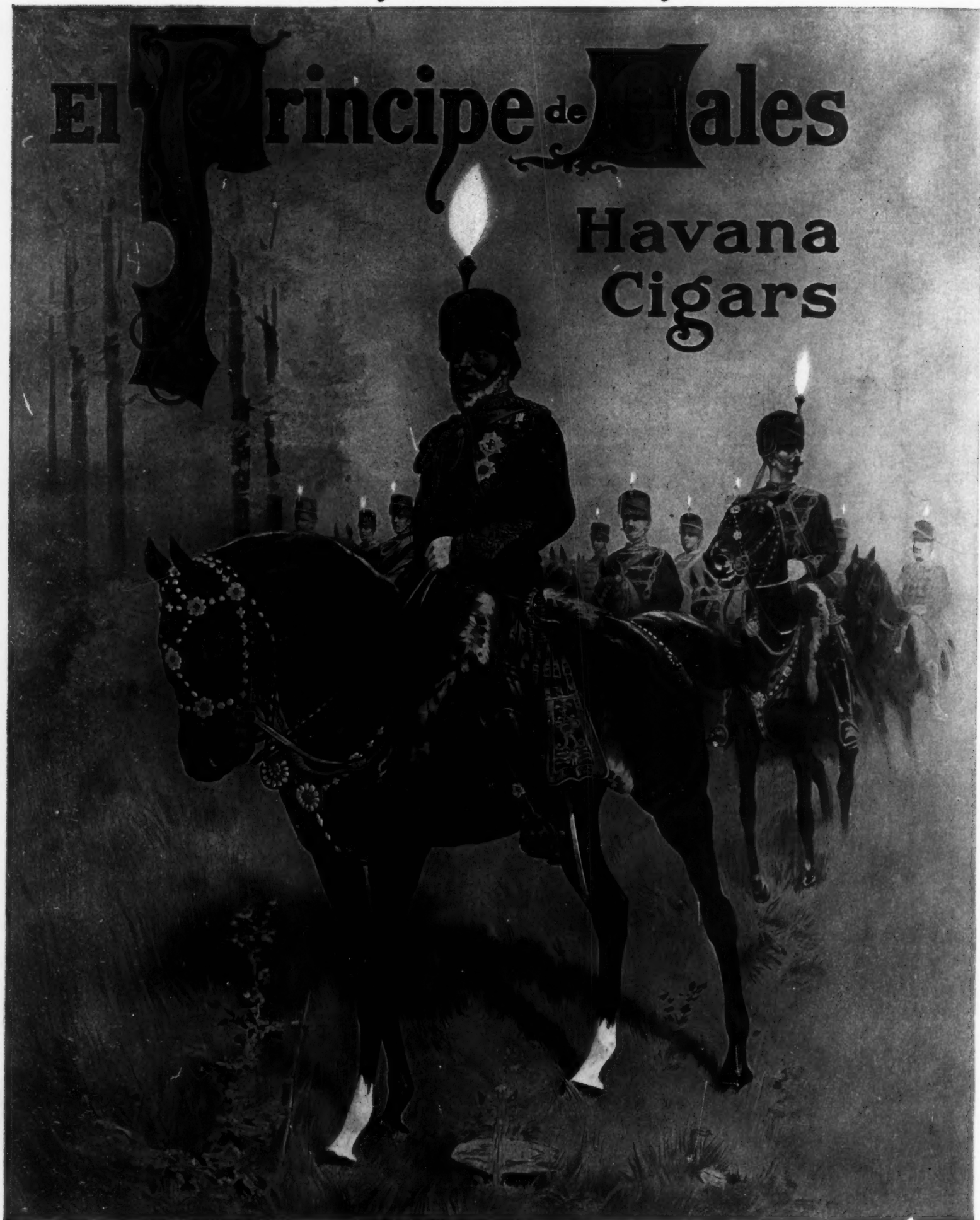
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"Nothing; I am teaching him to swim." — *Fliegende Blätter*.

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